

3<sup>rd</sup> Floor

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I.

RECITATIVE.

How long is space of five and twenty suns?  
In each man's life a mighty span it filleth,  
Wherein with quicken'd foot to' his mark he runs,  
If blasting canker boasted bloom not killeth.

But to a race—how short that flight of years,  
One single start in its historic story;  
Were false that step, scarce scapt abyss it fears,  
And back must shrink from goal of long-dreamt glory.

Then scan that time, and think on yon far morning  
When Denmark's diadem grac'd our youthful King.

Around, no friendly Fays were luck's spell forming;  
Harsh dismal voices hoarsest bodings bring.

Alas, what helps sharp shriek when sword-stabs  
reach us!  
Past faults had ripen'd into present wo.

God grant, our sorrowful Saga now may teach us,  
Our bark refitting, to steer where safe streams flow.

Fierce howl'd the storm, with crash of horrid thunder,  
By some long fear'd, but not of them foreseen.

Blue lightnings flam'd, earth's self gan split asunder,  
And yawn'd where from of yore one soil had been.

Allies we call'd to aid, and still hop'd fondly  
In cousins fairness, soul noble in nearest kin; —  
In desert drear soon died our voice despondly,  
To' our fate they left us, beggarly truce to win.

So' alone we fought; and—laurel one still left us—  
Unflinching, calm, tho Ruin glar'd in sight;  
Still ours was Honor, land and folk bereft us;  
Yes Honor, spite foemen's threefold overnight.  
True, glints no gladness; only sad shapes darkle,  
And sea and shore in thick'ning fog-veil stand;  
Stars two yet o'er that curtain dart their sparkle —  
The flags of SANKELMARK and HELGOLAND.

But peace must be; and, to get leave to pay it,  
We low must lout to strong men's high-thron'd crest;  
The price—what pain for Danish lips to say it—  
A bleeding limb torn from our Dana's breast.  
Then we, still free, our care-worn head downbending.  
While throes of anguish patriot heart-strings break,  
We feel, must strain each nerve, wide arms extending,  
For now the Fatherland's Future is at stake.

Then came Spring-seasons, dewdrops fieldward  
flinging,  
Bonnie bloom-shoots laughing from the new-thaw'd  
ground,  
While Hope's pale Lilies peep in clusters springing,  
On woodland treetops op'ning budlets found.

True Union, whereon our all depended  
Was far, and yet at hand seem'd in the main;  
And something—our wisht whole by »cries« sus-  
pended—  
For common weal and land-defence we gain.

But where is Summer? Cold winds smite and smatter,  
The marrow drying of wither'd things and tost.

Glib tung-mills chaff, husks grind with endless clatter,  
And each week's working is but labor lost. —

The tempest lulls. Dreams our young life would  
smother  
To mist-dance sink, and idle goblin-play. —

With fool's-cap, sure, would History deck our Mother  
Should ever mo those mad wights mock their prey.

May now this Autumn-sun, all warmth and lightness,  
Our Liege that smiles on, gilding his crown's rich dye,  
A second summer token, show'ring brightness  
On' his folk in largess, as new morns draw nigh.

So time, man's treasure, ne waste they in contention,  
But use each swift-run sand with heart and hand,  
Abandoning poor partisan pretention,  
Resolv'd again to build and fend our land.

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### CHORUS.

But happy we, that rule and pow'r  
In trusty grasp was laid,  
And that our Guide in danger's hour  
Stood fast, what base bands round him lour!  
Our liberty's banner by him up-stay'd,

He fearless held our Charter's scroll,  
Nor car'd how winds and waters roll;  
His one hest: Law shall be obey'd.  
His folkland's welfare all his thought,  
That beacon leads him day by day;  
From Right's straight path nor bent nor bought,  
His Right, his Duty, points his way.

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## II.

Hail to thee, Christian! As lustres flew by us,  
Shimmer or shadow them fill'd when they came;  
Ever unalter'd thou, Sovran, art nigh us;  
Good's what thou willest, sure is thine aim.  
Thus in each crisis sprang policy fitting,  
Step none thy kingdom mote injure admitting.  
God in His Grace thy mild sceptre permitting —  
Burghers to wreathe it with oak-garland claim.

Hail to thee, Christian! — With state-juggle shameless  
Shire none thou gain'd hast by Iron or Blood.  
Chevalier royal! Thy brow uplift, blameless;  
DAN'S MARK was *offer'd* thee, old realm and good.  
Free wilt thou govern, to Law-book submissive,  
All thro thy sway freedom's hymn is permissive,  
Free is our homage in mass and with missive,  
Love clasps us to thee, as free men it should.

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## IDYL.

At Fredensborg by the glitt'ring lake,  
Whose ripple the bank caresses,  
There quiet rest shall thine old age take  
While round thee a lov'd flock presses;  
There fain shalt thou hear  
From far and anear  
How Heaven thy land-group still blesses.

The lissom Light-Elves will leap to thee there  
In squadrons, ere the' sky's orb closes,  
And carpets weave or crants-flowers bear,  
Or paint for thee reddest roses;  
With lay, where thou stay,  
Keep chill out by day,  
Waft sleep's balm where Dan's Prince reposes.

Sit shalt thou so as Clan-chief high,  
Bold flourishing King-stems greeting,  
Who to thy welcoming halls draw nigh  
When fixes thy bode the meeting.  
Their heart-wishes wield  
In secret thy shield,  
For thee and thy realm fence un-fleeting.



May thou and thy Consort, fair bride of auld lang syne,  
Show locks to swanwhite turning ere life's lamp cease  
to shine;  
May all that you have, toilsome, nurst up for others'  
weal,  
All—clad in your names' purple—that hallow would  
and heal,  
Their benisons widely scatter as lent and leaf-fall fly,  
Your weary eyes refreshing—till soothes Death's lullaby!

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#### CHORUS.

Save, Lord, the sea-girt green-hung shaw  
That *his* each Dansker calleth;  
It filch no fiend with gory claw!  
May' it ne'er foul breath in slavery draw!  
Round burgh and strand lift bomb-proof haw,  
Last screen when the' hiss-shell galleth!  
In fred and freedom live we on,  
Undying heir'd from sire to son,  
Till Doomsday tyrants grim appalleth!

Keep, Lord, our Home now stript by Thee  
Of legions, lands and glory!  
Teach it in honest unity  
To seek and find, at Thine own knee  
Each gem of manly dignity,  
New themes to annals hoary.  
With mind-mail arm'd and tireless zeal,  
May' it drape its tent, its low roof ceil  
With fingers' sleight and High Art's story!

Our Monarch and his whole House save;  
Both health and wealth prepare him!  
To bend his state-bow make him brave,  
That late he some relief may crave;  
Till, mid laments from wong and wave,  
To' his rest in Christ his people bear him.  
Sweet, then, his ev'ning bells be rung;  
And, silent grown each bitter tung,  
All FRIEND AND FATHER loud declare him!

